

chained lighting

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by [rabbit_with_a_sword](#)

Summary

Sapnap both loves and hates the Chair. On the one hand, it keeps him alive, keeps him loyal.

On the other hand, the way it keeps him alive and loyal *really fucking sucks*.

aka: how much angst can I fit into 892 words of Sapnap introspection? A lot!
A "what if" for There's Blood In Your Web, Theseus

- Inspired by [There's Blood in your Web, Theseus \(wipe it out\)](#) by [spookyserpent](#)

Sapnap both loves and hates the Chair. On the one hand, it keeps him alive, keeps him loyal. On the other hand, the way it keeps him alive and loyal really fucking sucks.

Think of it as a hug, the guards had told him the first time, and laughed when he asked why they were tying him so *tightly*, giving one last tug before walking away.

But it keeps him loyal. It keeps him alive. He'd rather be strapped down with the gag between his teeth than free to move and in George's sights for running, so he stays close to home like a dog to vomit while the Room reconstructs the Chair.

Sapnap may have mixed feelings about the Chair being rebuilt, but he detests Swan Lake. There is nothing good about it. There is *nothing* redeeming about the way the first few notes make him bite his own tongue in reflex, trying to stifle a scream without even being in pain. There are nursery rhymes that do the same thing, sending him shuddering into the Huntsman and blinded by nonexistent fluorescents before he registers what he's heard, and he doesn't even know which *ones*.

The incy wincy spider, climbed up the water spout...

To feel is to be human, he tells himself. *That is why I am a Spider*. He is nothing but a Spider that pretends to be human, fools itself into thinking it can feel human feelings.

It is very, very good at pretending, but it is pretending nonetheless.

(Sapnap does not think of how easily Karl and Quackity had fallen asleep with him lying next to them. Of how soft and vulnerable they had looked in the moonlight. Of how *easy* it would have been to follow his training and hold a pillow over their faces to ensure neither would ever wake again.)

Down came the rain, and washed the spider out...

Not even when the moon is high above the Room and his wrists ache from the cold metal of the cuffs he uses to remind himself what he is and he lies awake keeping watch in an empty room, does Sapnap think of how much they had not known they were trusting him with.

It is early morning when the guards come for him. He catches a glimpse of cold sunlight peeking over the horizon, falling into perfect step with guards Sapnap knows will hang themselves in front of the classes of baby spiders as soon as Corpse returns enough to himself to care.

This time in Las Nevadas, it is dusk. Quackity may still be working, face drawn into a grimace by the hours of work he assigns himself, softening in a way no Spider could ever dare when Karl kisses his cheek.

Barbed wire is a spiked and twisting shadow against the sky.

If Sa- Nick were there, this time in Las Nevadas, he would be watching. He'd be hanging back in the doorway, unsure how much he is allowed to touch before the easy trust shatters like the champagne flute Sapnap once buried in a politician's throat, drinking the sight of them down like if he looked for long enough, watched them hard enough, they would imprint themselves on his soul deeply enough for not even the Chair to burn away. This time in Las Nevadas, they would beckon Nick closer in tandem, Quackity swiftly changing gears from work to play when Sapnap allows Nick to smile crooked and genuine.

Out came the sun, and dried up all the rain...

Karl would try to drag all three of them out to the balcony to watch the sunset, this time in Las Nevadas. Nick would pretend to watch the skyline, watching his lovers instead. Sapnap does not allow himself to smile at the memory of how Karl seemed to glow in the light of dusk, how Nick had shared a glance with Quackity that said *he really is beautiful*.

To feel is to be human. *Daybreak. Sixteen. Sister. Brother. Longing.* That is why he is a Spider.

The Chair is about to fix him. It will keep him alive another day, purging all that is not Huntsman from his mind.

Nick is about to die.

Quackity, he thinks, picturing the way he had stuck his tongue out at Nick and the scar over his face had crinkled, thinking of the way they had all laughed, of how their lover had nearly fallen out of his chair. *Karl.*

So the incy wincy spider, climbed up the spout again...

White fluorescents sting his eyes. It is pathetic what they have been reduced to in the wake of To- Theseus's actions, what one single Spider managed to do to the organization that created all of them.

He knows that Dream misses the old Room's subtle beauty, misses the elegance symbolic of the dancers they made them all into.

Sapnap sees no difference except that this one is honest.

Think of it like a hug, a ghost of a long-dead guard says, and laughs as he tries to question her through the gag.

Sapnap opens his mouth obediently for the gag he knows George-Dream-Theseus have all grown out of, and thinks of his fiancés. Swan Lake begins to play.

Incy wincy spider, climbed up the water spout...

He bites down on the gag to stifle a scream.

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